THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, | EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1853. | WHOLE NO. 1654.

Choice Poetry.

THE BREEZE OF SPRING.

Dull Winter hastens to be gone,
He's disappearing fast;
The sunny hours are coming on,
The stormy time is past.
The ice no longer binds the rill,
Nor snows their mantle fling;
For every bleak and barren hill
Has kissed the breeze of Spring.

I hear its music in the wood,
It sighs along the vale,
Where Summer flowers in beauty stood,
It lingers in the dale;
It plays upon the primrose banks,
And rests its merry wing;
The drooping snowdrop kindly thanks
The western breeze of Spring.

Ah! well it knows where violets grow
In the lone and shady lane;
It bids its sweet, blue fav'rites blow,
And onward speeds again.
It wakes the grasses of the field,
And they their offerings bring
The flowers their sweetest incense yield,
To scent the breeze of Spring.

The blackbird, from the hawthorn bush,
Renews his lively strain;
On topmost branches stands the thrush,
And tunes his throat amain;
At close of evening calm and mild,
He makes the forest ring
With native woodnotes, clear and wild—
He loves the breeze of Spring.

The robin leaves his Winter friends
For hedge-rows far away—
Above his mossy nest he bends,
And pipes his plaintive lay
The lark uprising with the light,
On merry mountain wing—
Strains all his might till out of sight,
And hails the breeze of Spring.

A hundred voices fill the air,
The sun shines warmly down;
Away with each intruding care,
And leave the gloomy town.
Come, roam along the woodpath green,
Hear nature's favorites sing,
Enjoy the soul-enlivening scene,
And woo the breeze of Spring.

Dublin University Magazine.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "EOLINE," "LINDA," "MARCUS WARLAND," ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

"First Fear his hand its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid—
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made."
Collins.

Little Helen sat in her long flannel night-dress, by the side of Miss Thusa, watching the rapid turning of her wheel, and the formation of the flaxen thread, as it glided out, a more and more attenuated filament, betwixt the dexterous fingers of the spinner.

It was a blustering, windy night, and the window-panes rattled every now and then, as if the glass were about to shiver in twain, while the stars sparkled and winked coldly without, and the fire glowed warmly, and crackled within.

Helen was seated on a low stool so near the wheel, that several times her short, curly hair mingled with the flax of the distaff, and came within a hair's breadth of being twisted into ... [illegible]

"Please, Miss Thusa ... tell me a story," ... her little feet ... crank a sudden ...

"Yes! Don't tease— ... on the distaff, ... first. There— ... jump into my lap ... tell you." ...

"No," replied Helen, ... strange mixture ... want to hear ...

"Well—I ... extra travelling ... and a powerful ... too, if you w... I've done. ... it."

[illegible]

... "It will do you good," said he, with a grave smile, but he did not praise her.

"Why didn't you tell me so before?" she asked.

"You must learn to confide in your friends," he replied, passing his hand gently over the child's wan brow. "You must trust them without asking them for reasons for what they do."

Helen thought she would try to remember this, and it seemed easy to remember what the young doctor said, for the voice of Arthur Hazleton was very sweet and clear, and seemed to vibrate on the ear like a musical instrument.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

SUNDAY IN AUSTRALIA.

From the following account of a recent traveller, affairs in the mining districts of Australia appear to be conducted with considerable decorum.

"Sunday.—What a contrast! After the first two or three hours of the morning, which throughout my stay at the diggings seemed devoted to felling trees, all is comparatively a dead calm during the entire day; nor did the law, at the time, have anything to do in the matter. So strong a moral power did the better thinking, forming, at least, in Forest Creek, a vast majority, exercise over the reprobate minority, that I did not witness a single instance of gross violation of the Sabbath, or wanton insult offered to the ministers of the gospel, who, preaching in the open air, generally obtain large congregations, and are listened to with becoming reverence. On one occasion an excellent example was set by the right reverend Bishop, Dr. Perry. Three times in the course of one Sabbath, did he address large congregations, on subjects suitable to their circumstances. Elevated above the mass by only the stump of a tree, did the worthy Bishop himself lead the psalmody in the soul-stirring strains of the "Old Hundredth." Many, who choose not to attend divine service, lounge idly about their tents, or make the rest-day a day of visits to their friends at a distance; while a knot of Celestials, to the number of about a dozen and a half, who have congregated at the Golden Point, seemingly having cut "Joe" since they left China, and not yet being converts to any other faith, spend the day, as, indeed, they do the whole of their spare time, in gambling."

... his right danced over a slate, making algebra signs with marvellous rapidity, jumped up three feet in the air, letting his slate fall with a tremendous crash, and destroying many a beautiful equation.

Mittie Gleason, a young girl of about nine, who was deep in the abstractions of grammar, ... [illegible]

... to please my little girl, it seems to me that it is very ungrateful in her to make such a remark as that."

"Oh, mother, don't," was all Helen could utter; and she made as strong a counter resolve that she would wear the most hideous garment, and brave the ridicule of the whole world, ... [illegible]

... but I do not apprehend anything like an inflammation need be dreaded. She is very nervous, and must be kept quiet."

Helen felt such inexpressible relief, that forgetting her character of an invalid, she lifted her head, and gave him such a radiant look of gratitude it quite startled him. ... [illegible]

... color on the cheek and the gleam of the eye, made one wish for pallor and dimness, as less painful and less prophetic.

"Yes, Miss Thusa," resumed Mrs. Gleason, after a long pause, "if my child lives, I wish her guarded most carefully from all gloomy influences. I know that I must soon leave her, ... [illegible]

Selected Sketch.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN AND WOMEN.

FROM MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN,
BY THACKERAY.

Bob Brown is in love, then, and undergoing the common lot! And so, my dear lad, you are this moment enduring the delights and tortures, the jealousy and wakefulness, the longings and anxieties, the frantic despair and elation, attendant upon the passion of love. In the year 1812, (it was before I contracted my alliance with your poor dear aunt, who never caused me any of the disquietudes above enumerated,) I myself went through some of those miseries and pleasures, which you now, oh, my nephew, are enduring. I pity and sympathise with you. I am an old cock now, with a feeble strut and a faltering crow. But I was young once; and remember the time very well. Since that time, *eheu! eheu!* ... [illegible]

of spirit.—Item 2 hops Mrs. Bob will bring to you in her resistance, to be used otherwise by Polly, before all things, my dear wedding gown by and have a cheerful visit.

Whereof, one and all, I put that word "cheerful-ness" deeply. If anyone is mentioned spirit, it should be your friend, a woman's friend and a friend of yours. A woman's friend and friend of yours is a woman who is full of sympathy, of woman's graces of appreciation of others, and is not herself lost in longs, and sighs and regrets and self contained; that is, blessed; that is, a woman who is a woman, and a friend. Do not, God the sisterly ask who possesses all these good, lucky, laughing, kind women, that for Polly's sake you will consider them your friends, for Polly follow; and when you go to sleep, and when you wake, I pray there may be a smile under each of your honest eyelashes.

Miscellaneous.

ADVENTURES OF A LOWELL LADY ON THE ISTHMUS.

A DISGUISED "PEN" AND HIS "PENING."

We make the following extract, says the Lowell Courier, from a private letter from California:

San Francisco, January 16, 1851.—Speaking of the Indians, I think I must tell you a tale concerning young and blooming Lowell lady, who had just arrived here, and whose adventures on the Isthmus were somewhat piquant, though not more than sometimes to undergo who travel to California. Miss L——— was paid private with outside starting a few days from Lowell to the "uttermost part of the earth," and had an exceedingly pleasant journey, till the Gulf of Mexico, which, not having, what I know by experience, that it is not safe to venture to be separated from your baggage, she suffered herself to be separated from her own, thereby committing a grave error.

She, supposing her baggage would arrive at Panama, or even at Acapulco, (a beautiful, if a richly little seize, sited in a fine *Almonte*, not started from Crucces to Panama. Now, as I before observed, the Isthmus of whole Pacific coast have had a long crying fit, and the consequence is that the road from Crucces to Panama was never in a more execrable condition. Miss L——— being very large and heavy, and although small and well built, they had a good time of it, and floundered through the mud in a most admirable manner. She told me that at one time the mule went into a mud-hole so deep that nothing was visible but his nose and ears, while she was up to her chin. The gentleman who was with her, informed me that he assisted her to reach a position of safety, first tying the day—pulling her and her mule out of the deep mire by main force. The natural consequence of these and adventures, when they got through the worst places, they halted at a convenient native "Rancho," held a council of war, and concluded that, inasmuch as Miss L——— had not a change of clothes at hand, it was expedient to wait those for her. The other ladies (there were several along who were not encumbered so) set better luck than Miss L———) stripped her, washed her off as they could, and laid her away to be a good baby, and take a nap, while they washed and dried her only suit. They washed the suit and hung it up to dry, and then, very naturally, sat down to dinner. Dinner being over, they went to get Miss L———, when, to their horror and astonishment, they found it had "ascended the Heaven's most, while they had been at dinner the native had stolen it. Here was a pickle for a nice young lady, and a Yankee school-mistress. Naked as she was born into the world—clothed in a blanket, not so obsolete to put on—in the middle of a strange country—in the Indian *dominion* *dominoing* in the extreme, and I don't remember any heroine in any novel who was ever so *peculiarly* situated. I have a good mind to have her where she is, just to let you exercise your sympathy in getting her out of the scrape. I think she must have had some very peculiar feelings while rolled up in blanket. She talks finely of her out of the scrape by a conversation. One gave her a pocket, another a shirt, another a shawl, and so she was probably the largest in the crowd, you can imagine what a sort of rig-out she had. It served, at any rate, and in the marvellous suit she entered Panama, where she was the object of a few absolutely necessary things to come on with. Her baggage did not come up with her at Panama, but arrived here about an fortnight ago. looking object as you could easily find. She has since received her trunks by *Admiral*. Express, and rejoices over them, and is ready to laugh over her "adventures on the Isthmus."

APOLOGY FOR WIVES.

Mesmr. Editors:—In the columns of your journal, a week or two since, appeared an article, entitled, "An Apology for Husbands." There, a few days after, my dear wife handed me, and in reading it, it occurred to us that possibly there might be some apology for Wives. We will not allow us to attempt to make one for them! Men we very apt to think they have the hardest part of the burden of live to bear; but if we could find one, who, for one day, or even hour, could be induced to change their lot, because of the never-ending woman's work, we think the experiment would entice them for the rest of their lives. Think you, good sirs, that the men-ther, surrounded by a flock of little ones—each possessing a different nature, each requiring different management, and each and every one of them full of the bounding life and buoyant spirits of childhood—day after day, week after week, hour after hour, may a trial to her patience, many a heavy drag to perform, many a heart-ache caused by the misconduct of some little rebel, to say nothing of the thousand annoyances daily occurring in housekeeping's life? And why do these annoyances weigh heavier upon her? Because the mother is subject to call, and often by some servant—the *fixture* in the kitchen—between work and waiting, often at dinner time the cooking of the dinner must tardily, and a hundred other domestic troubles of the same kind, these the whole household into disorder and a good and loving wife feels that much disorder will not add to the order and happiness of her home. Should not the master of the house, then, do his part toward lessening the load for his weaker half? Should he not, instead of grumbling and loud-scolding at unavoidable confusion and mishaps, endeavor to make the best of them,—blessing his partner in her onward path, smoothing over difficulties where he can, giving her a kind word, a caress, and somewhat of his strength? Do you believe, mankind, that in coming home to your wife woman, any true wife, would refuse her sympathy for the—Alas who carries the household on his shoulders?" Husband, if you can not from your soul, that you think your wife would refuse your sympathy and help if you were not one of the matches made in heaven. You have, perhaps, married a pretty face. Well, so long as you have the pretty *face* at the head of your table, doing the honors of it in a way to suit what right have you to complain? since, most probably, you have never tried to make the so beautiful because the index of an equally beautiful mind—since you have, probably, never tried to find congeniality—never set about it—*and comprehendingly*,—to that other half of yours. But we have really wandered from the point we started from. Each husband and wife should be the motto with which every young couple starts in life. Each have their cares and their trials. Upon neither should the whole burden rest; as they "must are made one flesh," let them bear the load of the Adam to bear the household on their shoulders. Let the wife remember that the husband comes the home with "the troubled look, that glance eye, that right leg, that irregularity," that spirit, nobelessly expressed, that deep, gentle and devoted love, it is her duty, and should be her pleasure to smile them. But, on the other hand, let him not reject her attentions; let him not give a harsh answer to a loving word of love—wrong though it may be from the very agony of his soul—the caress; know of all the agony, the only love that he heart is crushed. And, husbands, do not neglect and complain of neglect because the dear wife is shocked by care—if sharp, quick words issue from the lips which we adore! should never voice aught but love. If we make a "perfect, even as our Father in Heaven is perfect," remember she has her "perfect," and this must be her apology—H. K. S., in *Home Journal*.

The patient ingenuity of our social system is exemplified in the following: The advertising columns of the penny press. In the New York time, at least a dozen of "some-table *young ladies*" make known their desire and willingness to perform washing and ironing, or do the housework of a small family. A few days ago, a "middle-aged gentleman" advertised for a situation as an usher.

A gentleman was accosted by a poor looker, who asked for charity. "I will unhesitate just the next time," replied the gentleman. "Please your honor," said the looker, "I don't *understand*; I need to the cash principle."

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.

Just before Mr. Webster died, and after his recovery was despaired of, one of his neighbors was heard lamenting that "Mr. Webster had not found heaven." "Well then," said the minister of Christ Church Steeple," was the strange reply. The speaker was a Unitarian, and John did not know that Cowper's delightful translation of Thomas Scempis' hymn, entitled "*The Inshaler*." The following are the verses, from which the reader will perceive the perfect firmness and point of the reply to:

THE JACKDAW.

There is a bird who, by his coat,
And by his impudence of his note,
Might be supposed a crow—
A sad dog for sure, he is, I know,
Where'er, bobs-alive, he finds a perch,
And domiciary too.

Above the manger for a time,
That home and home, to indicate
From what point serves the weather,
Look up—you beaten begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds that pioneer him,
His element is there.

The devil of the sporting height;
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence secures or finds
The basis and the cause above,
That among mankind inhere,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future on his last deeds?
If the should chance to fail.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-a-bout,
This world, with all its motley rout,
Church, state, college, law,
Its customs and its manners,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—caw!

Three happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the tumult of the scene,
And sick or having seen'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between them.

MISS BREMER AND MR. THACKERAY.—A report for some years prevailed in London, that the authoress of "Jane Eyre" was once a governess in the family of Mr. Thackeray. From that the character of Rochester was suggested to her by contemplating that of the author of "Vanity Fair." This story, we perceive by the papers, has made its way across the Atlantic. We have no reason to believe, however, that it is quite destitute of truth, and that Miss Bremer never saw Mr. Thackeray till after "Jane Eyre" had been published, and become famous. Another story of the two celebrities, which has been circulated by the gossips, is probably nearer the truth.

Miss Bremer, it appears, before her appearance as a lion—a few days in London, had been cherished for Mr. Thackeray a sentiment of cordial admiration, and was quite desirous of terms of becoming acquainted with him. They met; it was at a dinner; and they were seated directly opposite each other. The next morning reader of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," must be aware that one of the peculiarities of a hero, in the estimation of Currer Bell, is moderation in eating and drinking. The characters she thus (herself included) are represented to be indifferent to the pleasures of the table, while the people she detests betray usually something of the sermonent in their disposition. Now, it happened that at the time of this critical first meeting, Mr. Thackeray was recovering from a long and severe illness. He had been bled and he had been starved. It was a terrible crisis in his life, and his appetite was consequently that of a Sioux Indian, who, after forty-eight hours' fast, sits down to a broiled buffalo hump. The repast began, and the eyes of the fierce and disappointed author were soon fastened to his plate. With silent fury he devoured. Insensible seemed the much-contemning man. Not a word did he address to the unoffending Jane, whose large eyes grew larger and larger, but soul went on. Satisfied, at length, the lionized back in his chair, stupefied and slumberous. Miss Bremer was disenchanted. Whether she ever recovered from the shock, we have not then she still regards Mr. Thackeray with horror and disgust, or whether an explanation or ever vouchsafed her, gossip has omitted to mention.

STEPHEN BUTLER OF ENGLAND.—The following is from a recent speech of Senator Butler, of South Carolina:

Sir, when we despise England, we must despise the whole of the British race, from whom those traits we have been led; we must despise Hampden, and Sidney, and Chatham, and Shakespeare, and Burke. Will the Senator tell me that I am to despise them, or that I have learned more than any other nation? If he does, I differ from him. I do not think I have learned any especial love for any nation. It is not a word properly applicable to other nations. I love our own country—a sentiment of patriotism; then, next, another's deed, and I have the same, we have feelings and opinions of different kinds. For some we have more and warmer and regard than for others. But, sir, I say here, in my heart, if the word love has any word or preference. I love it openly, that we have more sympathy with and are under stronger obligations to, Great Britain, than to any other nation on the face of the earth, except our own. And I have said, that I have learned more than any other foreign nation. I have been in it, and I have been more than any other nation

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

MEXICO AND SANTA ANNA.

The British mail steamer, which arrived at Vera Cruz on the 4th of March, reports that Gen. Santa Anna had accepted the Presidency of Mexico, and would return to that country on the mail packet of the 1st of April. The Vera Cruz papers contain the particulars of an interview between Santa Anna and Dr. Manuel M. Escobar, who was despatched to Carthagena by the authorities of Vera Cruz on a mission to the exiled Ex-President. The details of the conversation which passed between them are furnished by the papers, and a translation is given by the New Orleans Picayune, which we copy.

The significance of the language of Santa Anna touching the position of Mexico, and his display of unmitigated hostility towards the United States, cannot fail to command the attention of the reader. At the latest date from the city of Mexico (March 3d,) seventeen of the States and Districts had voted for him as President, one had voted against him, and the remaining five had not been heard from, but his almost unanimous restoration to power was confidently anticipated. Here is the account of the interview above referred to:

"Senor Escobar reached Carthagena on the 1st of February, and found Gen. Santa Anna residing at Turbaco, five leagues from Carthagena. Upon meeting Santa Anna his first question was, "What happens in our republic—what say the Mexicans?" He then asked if it was true that another American invasion was threatened? to which Escobar replied that "the question of Tehuantepec would force Mexico to cede without fighting."

Senor Escobar states that he then went into a long account of the course of the Tehuantepec affair; of the administration of the government, and such other subjects as present themselves when two persons meet who love each other. He then handed to the General the letters and papers he had brought. The next morning Santa Anna said to him:

"Your coming has made me pass a very bad night. How have I been affected by the unhappy situation of our beloved country, the victim of passion, involved in anarchy, and in imminent danger of losing her nationality. Unhappy Mexico! without revenue; owing a million and a half of back dividends on the English debt, and unable to pay the last year's interest, or even the salaries of her officers; without an army, the frontiers abandoned and suffering the greatest disasters from the attacks of the savages; the frontier States undermined by traitors influenced and protected by Americans; all this tolerated for five years by inapt leaders, who are traitors, and only worthy of universal execration. Lower California, too, threatened in such a manner that it may be invaded and overrun without resistance. Yucatan sustaining an Indian war in which it cannot triumph. Tehuantepec threatened, and its military occupation by our natural enemies delayed until the coming month of April.*

"What a situation! But what has the Government of Mexico done with the millions it received for the iniquitous sale of a great portion of our territory? What has it done with the revenue it has controlled for five years, while the nation has remained dumb and resigned in view of the prodigies which the ominous Government of Queretaro offered to do!"

The conferences were continued for several days, Santa Anna manifesting great reluctance to return, and recapitulating the marked unkindness evinced towards him by the Mexican nation. Referring to the treatment of him during and subsequent to the Mexican war, he said:

"Words cannot define such conduct, and it indicates clearly what can be expected from such citizens. A society thus accustomed to the physical and moral assassination of its leaders in its war of independence, that does not respect an observing world, cannot be otherwise than in the unhappy condition of our country. God and man must condemn acts that are so rarely found in the civilized world. Does such a course encourage our young men to give their time and their best years to the benefit of their country, defying danger and forgetting all that is most dear and sweet in life, and abandon all for her safety?"

* * * * *

"Besides, it is impossible that I can return, and meet with serenity a set of men who have elevated themselves to power without any thing in past history favorable to them; or him who has never been a good son, a good husband, a good friend, or a good citizen; men who have borne the filthy yoke imposed upon them, and remained impassive even when they saw that nothing was done to save our country from the aggressions projected by the new vandals of the North.

"Have the Mexicans abjured their passions? Do they blush for their follies? See the abyss that is open at their feet? Know they that they will be absorbed by this modern Rome, without any resource but to bend the neck, if they do not change completely their course? Have they the presumption to suppose that they will be saved without effort on their part, amid the disorders in which they lie, and when it would seem that patriotism has fled the land of the Hidalgoes, of the Iturbides, and Guerreros?

"Shall I present myself on that scene when no government is possible? When the ties of obedience are torn into shreds? When the wicked and vile Arista has dissolved every social bond, and driven morality and virtue into oblivion? Do they wish me to leave this sweet repose? That I shall again risk the term of life which Divine Providence conceded to me, mutilated as I am, to look upon such misfortune, with the wish, perhaps, to save, but powerless to remedy, because I may not find a loyal and effective co-operation, as occurred when I made front to the American invasion?"

Senor Escobar employed every argument calculated to induce Santa Anna to return, representing to him that Arista was universally detested, that every one was in favor of Santa Anna, and looked towards him as a liberator and benefactor, and that his presence and counsels would alone suffice to dispel anarchy, and restore Mexico to tranquillity and order. Two days afterwards Santa Anna replied to Escobar.

"That his heart could only be Mexican; that, notwithstanding the past, he wished to show to his compatriots how dear they were to him; that their misfortunes were his, and he never could be indifferent to them; that looking at objects from a distance, their deformities were better seen; that he did not wish that history should one day say that he had been deaf to the call of his country when she honored him with a call to meet the common danger, and that he had seen with indifference her fate; that he desired to end his days in the spot he had chosen as a residence for his family; that his only wish was to see his country happy, and that, casting aside every thing tending to detain him, he resigned himself to give the last proof of his patriotism, although history taught him to place no confidence in the passing enthusiasm of the masses.

"I hold," he said, "that independence is the greatest of our blessings, and every good citizen should defend it with all his power; and I cannot be deaf to the voice of my countrymen, nor fail to appreciate the high honor they have conferred upon me in calling me to help them out of the labyrinth in which they are involved, and above all, to save our nationality, now in such imminent peril, from the grasping spirit of our neighbors, and the indolence and treason of a few Mexicans.

"Return in the next packet, and giving an account of your mission to those who sent you, tell them from me that in the next month of March I will leave this spot for the shores of Mexico. On my arrival there I will call around me those persons of influence who are true lovers of their country. I will confer with them; and if I find co-operation; if I find sincerity and a good will to abnegate capricious and mistaken opinions; and, finally, if I find men of heart to make an obstinate defence of our rights against the aggressors from the North, and that the only cry is INDEPENDENCE OR DEATH, then will I lend myself cheerfully to new sacrifices; for, in truth, I cannot survive the disappearance of Mexican nationality, and I desire to bury myself in its ruins, if, after the Mexicans have done their duty, the great Regulator of the destinies of nations should order for us such a fate. But if my hopes should not find encouragement equal to my desires, which never can be other than the weal and glory of our nation, I will return disconsolate to this retirement, to deplore the blindness of a people that obstinately believe it can do every thing, when it leaves the only path left open to it, and will not imitate others, who, like them, have found themselves in a similar situation."

* Senor Escobar here puts a note to his report stating that on his arrival at Vera Cruz he had learned that—

"The question of Tehuantepec had been settled in a manner which must be satisfactory to all good citizens, which General Santa Anna could not know when he used the above words."

WEAVING OF BROCATELLES.—It is said that a factory at Humphreysville, Connecticut, is the only one in the world where silk brocatelles are woven by power looms. At all other places where they are made, the weaving is done by hand, and previous to the successful operation of this establishment, it was deemed impossible to construct machinery ingenious enough to weave in silk the complicated patterns of the brocatelles. The use of machinery is the only thing which enables American makers to compete with the German and French manufacturers in this branch of industry, as the foreign establishments have greatly the advantage in the cheapness of labor. The artist employed in this factory to execute designs and draw new patterns, is one of the best order, and was educated at Napoleon's celebrated school of design at Lyons.

A STRANGE CASE.—A young girl, a recent convert from Catholicism, has been doing penance for nine days and nights, residing in the woods near Cincinnati, before joining the Protestant Church. The tedium of her penance was relieved by the presence of several thousand persons who visited her, attracted to the spot by her insane conduct. We are afraid she will want conversion over again.

NEWS ITEMS.—THE PRECOCITY OF THE AGE.—A boy not quite fifteen years of age, was taken in custody in New York, a day or two ago, for levying a tax on housekeepers using Croton water. He had gained possession of a long hydrant key, with which he would turn off the water from the faucet in the sidewalk, unless the occupant of the premises paid him one shilling, which he said was for the rent.

The number of letters which reached San Francisco by the last mail out, was eighty thousand. More than half were for San Francisco and Sacramento.

It is stated in the New Orleans True Delta, that Ole Bull's four concerts in New Orleans netted over ten thousand dollars, and were the most successful ever given in that city except Jenny Lind's.

COUNTY SUBSCRIPTION ANNULLED.—The Commissioners of Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, on the 15th ult, passed a resolution annulling the subscription of $150,000, subscribed as a stock by them, on the 1st of July last, to the Pittsburg and Erie Railroad Company.

Barnum is putting up a tower in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace, three hundred feet high, to the top of which visitors are to be lifted by a steam engine.

The jail at Chesterfield, Mass., recently caught fire, and eight of the prisoners perished in the flames.

Joshua Bates, Esq., of London, has given $50,000 in trust to the city of Boston, the income each year to be devoted to the purchase of books for the Free Public Library about to be established in that city.

The King of Siam has become a subscriber to the Maulmain Times. His subscription was sent under convoy of a military escort.

Archbishop Hughes, it is said, will soon leave for Rome, there to receive the Cardinal's hat. The Rt. Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia, are to officiate in his stead during his absence, which may be prolonged to a twelvemonth.

New gold diggings have been discovered about five miles from Sonora, in the neighborhood of Curtisville, from which 250 ounces of gold were taken by some Mexicans in two days. One piece of quartz was found which contained four pounds of gold.

The direct transmission, by the electric telegraph, between Paris and London, has commenced. A despatch of forty words, sent from Paris at 9 o'clock, arrived in London at two minutes before 9 o'clock. This is explained by the difference between the London and Paris clocks.

Buildings were going up like magic in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace, New York, and enormous rents were demanded for some shells. A room in one of the wooden buildings, opposite the palace, 25 feet front by 60 or 70 feet deep—was rented at *thirty-five hundred dollars per year*. The Palace itself is getting along very slowly, and it is said that the projectors care more about selling the lots than they do for the exhibition.

Governor Crawford, of Georgia, Secretary of War under General Taylor, has been afflicted in the loss of a beautiful daughter. He has been travelling with his family through Syria and Egypt, during the past Winter. While at Malta, his youngest daughter was taken ill with a fever, but partially recovered, so as to reach Naples in February, when a relapse took place which terminated her existence in a few days.

There appears to be a well organized band of Mexican robbers in the Southern mines of California, headed by a desperate character called Joaquin, plundering and butchering every American found unprotected. Parties have been in pursuit, and rewards have been offered for Joaquin's head, but he has so far eluded them.

POPULATION OF OHIO.—Of the population of Ohio, 86,696 are natives of Maryland, 598 of the District of Columbia, 200,634 of Pennsylvania, and 85,762 of Virginia; 112,257 of Germany, 51,562 of Ireland, and 25,660 of England.

MAIL ROBBER SENTENCED.—At the late session of the United States District Court at Marietta, Geo., Cicero McHaffey, a former mail carrier on the route from Atlanta to Carrollton, was arraigned for embezzlement, plead guilty, and sentenced to ten years in the Penitentiary.

A STATUE BY POWERS.—A subscription has been started in Cincinnati, for a statue from the chisel of Hiram Powers. Eight thousand dollars have been raised, to be increased to about $20,000, and the work will be always open to the public.

The Abbey of Einsiedlen, an old and celebrated Catholic establishment in Switzerland, which has suffered much from the persecution of the cantonal government in which it was located, is to be removed to the United States. The plan was conceived by the Abbot, and has been approved by Pope Pius. Already two of the monks have departed for Indiana, to prepare the way for the establishment there of a convent of women. They will soon be followed by others from the Abbey.

A large number of Pennsylvanians, it is said, are constantly moving into Cecil County, Maryland.

Seven hundred hands are at work, raising and widening the levees at Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, for the protection of the city against inundation. These levees will be raised twelve feet above the point reached by the flood in 1844, and eighty feet wide on the tops.

Mrs. Mowatt, the accomplished actress and talented authoress, the Boston Transcript says, is soon to be married to Wm. F. Ritchie, Esq., the editor of the Richmond Enquirer.

CATAWBA GRAPES.—The Boston Transcript has received some Catawba grapes, in an excellent state of preservation, that were kept by being laid on a table, in a cool, airy place, and covering them with cotton batting. This is a simple and easy process, and worth remembering by cultivators of this excellent variety of the grape the coming season.

It is said that Julia Dean, the actress, is about to become the bride of Mr. Jones, the sculptor.

"GETTING UP STAIRS."—A hotel is about to be erected in Albany eight stories high. A person seated in an elegant arranged car, strikes a bell to indicate the floor to which he desires to be conveyed, whereupon, by means of a steam "dummy," they are elevated to the proper *terminus* in double quick time, thereby obviating the difficulty experienced in "getting up stairs."

CHURCH MOBBED.—On Sunday evening, the church of the Rev. Mr. Giustiniani, a convert from the Church of Rome, at Cincinnati, was attacked by a mob with stones and clubs, and the congregation had to leave the church for safety.

A project has been set afoot in New York, for the establishment of a new company to furnish that city with gas. The gas is to be manufactured by a process patented by Professor Allen, which it is said, will enable it to be made "much faster, much cheaper, and much more brilliant, because richer in carbon than any other gas in the world."

Black snow has recently fallen at Walpole, New Hampshire.

The milkmen of New York have united in an association to supply the citizens with pure milk, at an advanced price, admitting, by this act, that they formerly swindled them with villainous mixtures.

In Cincinnati there are four German Methodist Churches, two of which have paid off their debts, and support themselves, at the same time paying liberally to other benevolent objects.

WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF LETTERS.—On Wednesday week several hundred bushels, or about one million of dead letters, were destroyed, in accordance with the usage of the Post-Office Department.

The snow at Hart's Location, White Mountains, is said to be, at the present time, four feet deep. The recent warm weather has melted it away about one foot, during the last week or two.

Grace Greenwood writes from Rome as follows:—"I met on this night a son of Mrs. Hemans. He resembles somewhat the portraits of the poetess—has, I should say, her eyes and hair. He is a peculiarly mild and pensive young man, whom you might almost believe had been reared on his mother's melancholy melodies. Mr. Hemans is a devout Roman Catholic."

The Minister of Foreign Affairs of the republic of Mexico has appointed General Tornel and Castello Lanzas Plenipotentiaries, to effect with the United States Minister a treaty in relation to the neutrality of the Tehuantepec Isthmus in case of war. Tornel has accepted the mission.

PENNSYLVANIA COUNTIES.—The area of Berks county is said to be 920 square miles in extent; Lancaster, 950; McKean, 1,100; Luzerne, 1,400; Centre, 1,000; Lycoming, 1,500; Somerset, 1,000; Clearfield, 1,200; Clinton, 1,050; Westmoreland, 1,000; Crawford, 975; Bradford, 1,170; Tioga, 1,100; York, 925; Jefferson, 950; Chester, 740; Dauphin, 580; Lebanon, 300.

An insane man, named John Rose, died recently at Goshen, having starved himself to death. On a post mortem examination of his body, it was found that he had swallowed a large silver teaspoon, a pair of steel spectacles folded up, and a key or crank used for winding a clock.

Chief Justice Taney is lying quite ill at his residence, in Baltimore.

A gentleman of Peoria, Ill., who had been for some time paying his addresses to a young lady of that place, last week asked her hand in marriage, which was refused. He plead for some time after, and declared if she still resisted his suit he would commit suicide. She informed him such an alternative would not influence her in the least. At this he loaded his gun, and, standing in front of the house, placed the muzzle in his mouth, and with his toe pulled the trigger.

THE BRITISH ELECTION BRIBERY.—According to the London Times, all parties in England agree that at no period since the extension of the suffrage, has there existed corruption so wide spread and so shameless as at the late election. It is stated that the charges more particularly affect the legality of the seats held by one hundred different members of the House of Commons, to unseat whom attempts are in progress by means of investigations, and some forty or fifty Committees of the House are now engaged in ferreting out the details. From the revelations made before these Committees, it appears that the average price of a voter at the late election, was about forty shillings. In the town of Hull, a large commercial sea port, fully one-fourth of the voters were bribed. Occasionally offices or Government favors are given, but the genuine money bribe is the usual form of the corruption, and the common device is for the voter to extend his hand behind his back, among the agents of the candidate to be voted for, so as not to know who gives the money, and thus evade the statute.

SINGULAR RAIN STORM.—On Friday week there was a rain storm before day dawn in Cincinnati, and when daylight came the pavements throughout the entire city were found to be strewn with a yellow substance resembling sublimate of sulphur. Several scientific gentlemen examined it, and pronounced it to be the pollen of flowers, which, they suppose, must have been gathered up in large quantities in the far South, and borne northward by the wind. Many earth worms were also found on the pavements, supposed to have also fallen with the rain.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Local News.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Marriages.

Deaths.

Bank Note List.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

30,000 COPIES SOLD!

Uncle Tom's Cabin!

THE CABIN AND PARLOR.

NEW BOOKS,

GODEY FOR MAY.

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED

IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE!

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

LIVER COMPLAINT,

FITS! FITS! FITS!

CATECHISM ON BEAUTY.

BUILDING HARDWARE

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!!

CHERRY PECTORAL

Selected Poetry.

THE CHERRY TREE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Once a sapless little rebel,
With my all-there-forming will,
Dug in bed, and blithe as ten,
Played I built the Cherry Tree.

For out with the brassiest spread,
Shame at fibbing overspread,
Could I vouch a glimpse between
Drooping leaves of deepest green.

Sleeping softly, in my bliss!
Tenderly my Aid I pressed,
Tenderly, love-breath, such as mother
Murmured to my baby brother.

Came to me on rapid wings,
Whispered, weary, and alone:
Weary with the weight of years,
Worn with toil and bearing tears

As she softly gazed on me,
Playing 'neath the Cherry Tree,—
Vague, unwonted terror stole
Like a shadow o'er my soul.

"Are those happy, child?" she said;
"Much upon my drooping head,
Lay her wrinkled hand so still
That the very heart grew still.

"Life is coarse—life is pain—
Never will there come again
All you guess as this to-day,
Child, beneath the Cherry Tree."

Startled on the glad years flew,
'Till the child a maiden grew,
And beneath the Cherry Tree,
Other visions played like me.

On the verge of womanhood,
With a trembling heart I stood,
Musing if I knew the future happy—
Dark no longing look I cast!

But the future—that was this!
In the dawning of simplicity,
And the present—all to me
Was a peaceful sea of glee!

Then again a warning voice
Made me trembling rejoice;
And the sister I seemed to see—
Underneath the Cherry Tree.

"Girlhood will be quickly o'er;
Life will bring thee never more
Flowers like those it twineth now,
Blossoms, round thy hair to strew—

Maidenhood hath passed away;
I am standing, lone, to-day.
By thy side, while, soft and clear,
Voices from young voices greet mine no

Ah! then came! The child who played
'Neath the green tree's leafy shade
Never even thought of bliss
Such as comes at last like this!

Voice of warning! Maiden dream
Are as bright as swift unseen;
Life's realities may count more to
Him beside ready!

Wouldst thou know, love, what hath brought
Back the dead of olden thought?
Something still hath said to me—
"To-day never longer be!"

It is well, my heart replied:
It is well, when'er he bids;
Earth would be but sorry life Heaven,
If more blest to us were given!

Godey's Magazine.

Selected Articles.

LAWYER MORALITY.

Mr. Richard B. Kimball lately read before the Law Institute, of our city, a Lecture on "The Client: the Dignity, Worth and Responsibilities of his Profession," which has just been issued by Prime, Gray & Co. It is neither very broad nor very deep, but then there is this to be said in its favor, that neither is it very long and the shortest is best. What is read is generally sound and wholesome. We especially think the lecturer sensible in his choice of topics and from the current and generally accepted notion of *legal morality*—that is, the notion that a man is to lie, cheat and steal under the plea, necessary, for his client's advantage—a doctrine unsound, unmanly or unchristian by Lord Brougham, (then whom there can be no higher authority among living lawyers) in the following oft-quoted words:

"An advocate, by the sacred duties which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of his functions, but one person in the world—that client, and none other. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client, and at all hazards and cost to all others, and, among others, to himself—is the highest and most unquestionable of his duties; he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring on any other."

Mr. Kimball also scouts Paley's slip-shod, loose-fitting "Moral Philosophy," to the same effect, together with the following:

"Bowyer.—But, sir, does not affecting words, uttered by you here in a warning tone, or purporting to be closely of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, come under the denomination impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mind in common life in the intercourse of business with his friends?

"Johnson.—Why, no, sir; *everybody knows you are not for ofering words for your client*, and it is therefore properly no disimulation; the moment you have spoken to the jury you resume your usual behaviour. Sir, a man will do no more injury to his mind by what he assumes the intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for hewing will go upon his legs for whom he should wish on his feet."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Now, the ready answer to all this is found in the following: Is the practice in question in fact common and the practice of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived? Or, "cannot its belief of the jurisdiction of client's counsel?" If he did not intend to make some impression thereby? What do his warmth and "—" mean? Is he lying and dissembling for the mere pleasure he finds therein, or to exhibit his consummate talent as an actor? Clearly not, but in the way of thereby aiding his client. If he felt that every word he uttered had a show of correctness, and his solemn assertionations as an mock stage-play, he would certainly interest them. He empires them with an universe, understood the effect. And, so far as he does as in defiance of his own convictions of justice, he is a living instance of the lawyer. The induration of blame and the unquestioned acceptance of a false Morality may enable him to do this without a consciousness of its villainy, but it is utterly impossible that it should not exist. Let us see, then, what is meaning Wrong to be Right, and conferring up applications and subtleties intended to impose on others that the very opposite which he affects, but does not entertain, without deep and lasting injury to his character. Character is not that the vulgar conception of lawyer and rascal as convertible terms, though exaggerated, has a foundation in fact. The mass of mankind are and always must be familiar with the lower motives of human conduct, while they do not see Webster arguing the Dartmouth College case, or Wirt arraigning Burr, but the village pettifogger exhausting his little store of legal quips in defeating an honest claim, or some country attorney in a hog-shed fight for his well-deserved State prison term, by pleading a flaw in the indictment, and they too rashly conclude that Law and Knavery are synonymous.

Mr. Kimball does not appear to see, what seems to us very clear, that there is radical vice in the present relation of the lawyer to Society. He says:

"I know that, to the young lawyer especially, who is just commencing in the world, and who has not yet wrought upon his character, and given his profession without reason, and who is, in fact, dependent upon his profession for his daily bread, it is a hard exercise to lose one client after another, and decline to undertake causes which he would think to follow. Let the young lawyer be certain that, in the long run, there is no exemption or designation so that which undertakes to conduct discussions of intrigues of second-hand. He must ask himself, 'Can I do and prepare my self-respect?' He must reject with scorn all poisonous suggestions that the interests of injustice. Let him remember that the question should be, not how much he can make out of the profession, but how he can best adorn it. Let him take for his motto the one that said he shall have his reward."

All this is very fine, but it does not make the lawyer's life to be lived, or the duties to be performed, with his sheepskin in his pocket, his shingle over the door, his board and rent to be paid, his wife and children and little ones to feed, his business or the meanest kind of bankruptcy, unfitting to pay his hotel bill and laundress. Here, the best, most honorable, most profitable lawyers, in morality contain *not to* come to him—the most accept and be thankful for such as the well-endowed will not touch. As he is starting over his blue-black prospects, in steps a client, oily, mellifluous customer, who wants legal aid to cheat his starts out of their pastessary, touch a brother's suit in favor of his betrothed wife, or heavy sense your devil editor whose indigo squeeze has mysteriously stained their unfathomable true principle, on a charge of grand larceny of petty larceny. Now, it is very well for Mr. Kimball—sitting at ease in his very elegantly-furnished house, with a fair rental roll and a number of *last-rate* clients, to tell brother Bibulous that he ought to "reject with scorn" the fifty dollars laid in his hand—"poison, sir, poisonous self-respect," and "hold out upon the suit," but not quite so easy for the client to satisfy his counsel that he ought not to push Bond Street. They are mostly *last-rate* people, and "the suit" of their customers is simply their whole life at stake, except in the way of business. The world's life, and how can it be justified? Little by little whenever an opening presents itself. He knows that in duty business, but "hungry dogs" can't afford to be particular. Mr. Kimball himself, that he will be entertained and prospered, not all connecting in the business of the case, but assenting to his skill in handling it. If it is a very bad one, and he nevertheless wins it, he will be more extolled by it than by winning a dozen good ones. Let him achieve a doubtful success in plundering the widow, the orphans, or the editor, and he may soon ride in his carriage, pick and choose his cases, and discourse so flowingly and heavenly as lawyer, on the duty of "adorning" his profession, and sinfully observing all the formulæ and preserving all the proprieties. In fact, he has meant to do this from the first, and this was one of his inducements for taking the first *miserably fifty dollars.*

The fundamental wrong is in the system which sent him forth then a human spider, to live by his net. Then ought to be no such feeling born of young adventure to prey on society as on every poor virtuous. Lawyers should be chosen from those who in the general and popular education of Intellectual Calling—that is, one social relations should be such that a man should be *required* to be a lawyer before he should be permitted to turn his back on wholesome, honest Producing Employment—that kind himself to a fate, nothing whom he may destroy. How very great a change in Society this involves we thoroughly realize; but until some change takes place, it were idle to hope that the Legal Profession can be placed on the popular eminence which now attributes to it as the peddler of sophistry and pander to knavery.

But the evil and the temptation we have indicated attach only to the extinct of the lawyer's career. Beyond this, he is not only a man but a fool if he stoops to the arts of *dissimulation*, leads himself to the use of *morality*, or does anything whatever but with the purest integrity and the most stately self-respect. It is not merely true that many lawyers are models of uprightness and honesty; it is equally true that no knavish, tricky lawyer ever (we very rarely) achieved a great success, or even an eminent standing at the Bar. There is many a lawyer whom all the guile in California's mines never could to uphold an unjust cause nor pretend what he really did not feel. And those (contrary to the vulgar impression) are the best who ever end to be consulted—say, the best defenders of a party who has wrecked—will those most respected by each other. A man is point now secrets to us which happened during our "brief experience" (an Ferney would say) as a juror in the City Hall, which forcibly illustrates our meaning:

Several years ago, Mr. Samuel J. Wilkin, of Orange County, was the principal witness in a prominent case at our bar, and was the counsel of two rather *fast* young men who had run over and injured an old woman by reckless driving in our streets. (The one who drove was in fact without property, but the other held both alike responsible.) The case came on, and the facts were duly stated. Mr. W. now examined the witnesses for the plaintiff sufficiently but courteously, so that all the facts were fairly presented. Then rising for the defense, he said in substance: "Gentlemen of the Jury, my clients were clumsy in their *turn*, and, though it is a hard case, the law holds the solvent one responsible for the reckless driving of his insolvent companion. You will of course, then, be bound to render a verdict against us; but I beg you to consider that there was no malice in the present case, no evil intent, only carelessness, which unhappily regret, and are willing to atone for. I trust you will agree with me that it is not a case for exemplary damages." He spoke perhaps fifteen minutes in this manner, and the result was a verdict of some $200, where a lawyer of a different stamp, commencing with an attempt to deceive the jury, would have mystified, befogged, and winding up with a long speech excited, and left them worth nothing at all; and this was not getting out of the way, would have saved hundreds—yet *he* got $2,000.

Many a lawyer damages himself irreversibly by undue efforts to serve his client. The habit of inventing adverse subjects on the spur of a moment, aggressive manner, implying distrust of their veracity or their ability to see through a mystery, is almost universal, and has led to the knocking down of some of the impudent perpetrators of the "courts perish" principle more than any one thing. Very few witnesses go into Court voluntarily, or without serious inconvenience to do so. It is important there to redeem and insult from men perfectly at home and speaking under no responsibility as to the truth, while they (the witnesses) are constrained by the novelty and painful prominence of their position, hampered by the presence of so many eyes and every way disarmed from repelling impertinence—thinks a combination of cowardice and cruelty which is too much to be patiently paralleled. And besides, the lawyer almost always supposes his case by badgering a witness on the stand, whatever it may seem inconsistent on him to do in his summing up. A too willing witness should always be suspected, and if he can be cut one suspected or questioned his veracity, until he has built his whole client case into the witness-box or three taking questions will snarl into his up.

Lawyers too often forget that the witness that bewildered or the party they chisel to day may hold quite a practical use to them on the morrow. It is now nearly twenty years since a lawyer did us sort of an honest debt by pleading no statute of limitations, and thereby saved a portion of property of Shrimp's trial, proposed (as to time) of the witness by whom the fact of the debt was proved. The latter ever after was well that the protest had been made, and that his client had himself received the money he had paid, and would have come to us with any case. That lawyer has since filled some important situations, and we still observe, and if he shall ever need our confidence to his honesty we shall be under the painful necessity of withholding it.

But we did not intend to teach the gentlemen of the bar their trade, nor to be guilty of, trusting that the topic so fairly broached by Mr. Kimball may receive further and more searching discussion. It is by no means exhausted.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CHAGRES.

Chagres proper is truly a wretched old town, and yet I think the traveller will be glad to see the cradle of the two. But the native side has of itself no claim to the title of obedience or decent condition. It is the home—Heaven forgive us for thus desecrating that holiest of words—of the cockroach. Here were they born, here will they grow up; here, in fulness of time, they are supposed to have married, and become fathers and mothers. And when we look upon the place in this light, its mean kennel-like haven, its dirty streets, its dirty people, its dirty everything seems, he insidious dogs, its sick sacrifice-fed dogs, its sneaking lizards, its unsavoury smells, its scorpions, centipedes, and lucretias, all of the latter accepted as belonging to the sun-gray of domestic animals. I must confess that I was not to recognise these natives as members of the same great family as myself. That they also should be so low and vile and loathsome, when it is set in a frame of such magnificent scenery; that these people should go and prowl and drink in the most inflammatory of fire water, when the mountains, the canopy, and the banana are the loftiest, and rolling even on the trees, within a few rods of their thresholds! It is certainly no reflection upon the goodness of God that he has let loose upon the world such a thing as man, whatever it is to be, may not be mine. And yet, there is no land, however ugly and venomous, but wears some precious jewel in its hood. So these fellows have served, and are still serving, a good purpose in the way of population? He must reject with scorn all poisonous suggestions that the interests of injustice. Let him remember that the question should be, not how much he can make out of the profession, but how he can best adorn it. Let him take for his motto the one that said he shall have his reward."

All this is very fine, but it does not make the lawyer's life to be lived, or the duties to be performed, with his sheepskin in his pocket, his shingle over the door, his board and rent to be paid, his wife and children and little ones to feed, his business or the meanest kind of bankruptcy, unfitting to pay his hotel bill and laundress. Here, the best, most honorable, most profitable lawyers, in morality contain *not to* come to him—the most accept and be thankful for such as the well-endowed will not touch. As he is starting over his blue-black prospects, in steps a client, oily, mellifluous customer, who wants legal aid to cheat his starts out of their pastessary, touch a brother's suit in favor of his betrothed wife, or heavy sense your devil editor whose indigo squeeze has mysteriously stained their unfathomable true principle, on a charge of grand larceny of petty larceny. Now, it is very well for Mr. Kimball—sitting at ease in his

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Her regal months and years were of a match for her cradle, filled with storm, and with tears, and with pomp. It was of a marvellous length, and of a marvellous breadth, and of a marvellous thickness—it "edged with ermine, the fifty dollars laid in her hand by her mother, as a present and respect," and "held out upon the suit," but not quite so easy for the client to satisfy his counsel that he ought not to push Bond Street. They are mostly *last-rate* people, and "the suit" of their customers is simply their whole life at stake, except in the way of business. The world's life, and how can it be justified? Little by little whenever an opening presents itself. He knows that in duty business, but "hungry dogs" can't afford to be particular. Mr. Kimball himself, that he will be entertained and prospered, not all connecting in the business of the case, but assenting to his skill in handling it. If it is a very bad one, and he nevertheless wins it, he will be more extolled by it than by winning a dozen good ones. Let him achieve a doubtful success in plundering the widow, the orphans, the editor, and he may soon ride in his carriage, pick and choose his cases, and discourse so flowingly and heavenly as lawyer, on the duty of "adorning" his profession, and sinfully observing all the formulæ and preserving all the proprieties. In fact, he has meant to do this from the first, and this was one of his inducements for taking the first *miserably fifty dollars.*

The fundamental wrong is in the system which sent him forth then a human spider, to live by his net. Then ought to be no such feeling born of young adventure to prey on society as on every poor virtuous. Lawyers should be chosen from those who in the general and popular education of Intellectual Calling—that is, one social relations should be such that a man should be *required* to be a lawyer before he should be permitted to turn his back on wholesome, honest Producing Employment—that kind himself to a fate, nothing whom he may destroy. How very great a change in Society this involves we thoroughly realize; but until some change takes place, it were idle to hope that the Legal Profession can be placed on the popular eminence which now attributes to it as the peddler of sophistry and pander to knavery.

But the evil and the temptation we have indicated attach only to the extinct of the lawyer's career. Beyond this, he is not only a man but a fool if he stoops to the arts of *dissimulation*, leads himself to the use of *morality*, or does anything whatever but with the purest integrity and the most stately self-respect. It is not merely true that many lawyers are models of uprightness and honesty; it is equally true that no knavish, tricky lawyer ever (we very rarely) achieved a great success, or even an eminent standing at the Bar. There is many a lawyer whom all the guile in California's mines never could to uphold an unjust cause nor pretend what he really did not feel. And those (contrary to the vulgar impression) are the best who ever end to be consulted—say, the best defenders of a party who has wrecked—will those most respected by each other. A man is point now secrets to us which happened during our "brief experience" (an Ferney would say) as a juror in the City Hall, which forcibly illustrates our meaning:

Several years ago, Mr. Samuel J. Wilkin, of Orange County, was the principal witness in a prominent case at our bar, and was the counsel of two rather *fast* young men who had run over and injured an old woman by reckless driving in our streets. (The one who drove was in fact without property, but the other held both alike responsible.) The case came on, and the facts were duly stated. Mr. W. now examined the witnesses for the plaintiff sufficiently but courteously, so that all the facts were fairly presented. Then rising for the defense, he said in substance: "Gentlemen of the Jury, my clients were clumsy in their *turn*, and, though it is a hard case, the law holds the solvent one responsible for the reckless driving of his insolvent companion. You will of course, then, be bound to render a verdict against us; but I beg you to consider that there was no malice in the present case, no evil intent, only carelessness, which unhappily regret, and are willing to atone for. I trust you will agree with me that it is not a case for exemplary damages." He spoke perhaps fifteen minutes in this manner, and the result was a verdict of some $200, where a lawyer of a different stamp, commencing with an attempt to deceive the jury, would have mystified, befogged, and winding up with a long speech excited, and left them worth nothing at all; and this was not getting out of the way, would have saved hundreds—yet *he* got $2,000.

Many a lawyer damages himself irreversibly by undue efforts to serve his client. The habit of inventing adverse subjects on the spur of a moment, aggressive manner, implying distrust of their veracity or their ability to see through a mystery, is almost universal, and has led to the knocking down of some of the impudent perpetrators of the "courts perish" principle more than any one thing. Very few witnesses go into Court voluntarily, or without serious inconvenience to do so. It is important there to redeem and insult from men perfectly at home and speaking under no responsibility as to the truth, while they (the witnesses) are constrained by the novelty and painful prominence of their position, hampered by the presence of so many eyes and every way disarmed from repelling impertinence—thinks a combination of cowardice and cruelty which is too much to be patiently paralleled. And besides, the lawyer almost always supposes his case by badgering a witness on the stand, whatever it may seem inconsistent on him to do in his summing up. A too willing witness should always be suspected, and if he can be cut one suspected or questioned his veracity, until he has built his whole client case into the witness-box or three taking questions will snarl into his up.

Lawyers too often forget that the witness that bewildered or the party they chisel to day may hold quite a practical use to them on the morrow. It is now nearly twenty years since a lawyer did us sort of an honest debt by pleading no statute of limitations, and thereby saved a portion of property of Shrimp's trial, proposed (as to time) of the witness by whom the fact of the debt was proved. The latter ever after was well that the protest had been made, and that his client had himself received the money he had paid, and would have come to us with any case. That lawyer has since filled some important situations, and we still observe, and if he shall ever need our confidence to his honesty we shall be under the painful necessity of withholding it.

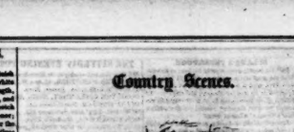
But we did not intend to teach the gentlemen of the bar their trade, nor to be guilty of, trusting that the topic so fairly broached by Mr. Kimball may receive further and more searching discussion. It is by no means exhausted.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CHAGRES.

Chagres proper is truly a wretched old town, and yet I think the traveller will be glad to see the cradle of the two. But the native side has of itself no claim to the title of obedience or decent condition. It is the home—Heaven forgive us for thus desecrating that holiest of words—of the cockroach. Here were they born, here will they grow up; here, in fulness of time, they are supposed to have married, and become fathers and mothers. And when we look upon the place in this light, its mean kennel-like haven, its dirty streets, its dirty people, its dirty everything seems, he insidious dogs, its sick sacrifice-fed dogs, its sneaking lizards, its unsavoury smells, its scorpions, centipedes, and lucretias, all of the latter accepted as belonging to the sun-gray of domestic animals. I must confess that I was not to recognise these natives as members of the same great family as myself. That they also should be so low and vile and loathsome, when it is set in a frame of such magnificent scenery; that these people should go and prowl and drink in the most inflammatory of fire water, when the mountains, the canopy, and the banana are the loftiest, and rolling even on the trees, within a few rods of their thresholds! It is certainly no reflection upon the goodness of God that he has let loose upon the world such a thing as man, whatever it is to be, may not be mine. And yet, there is no land, however ugly and venomous, but wears some precious jewel in its hood. So these fellows have served, and are still serving, a good purpose in the way of population? He must reject with scorn all poisonous suggestions that the interests of injustice. Let him remember that the question should be, not how much he can make out of the profession, but how he can best adorn it. Let him take for his motto the one that said he shall have his reward."

All this is very fine, but it does not make the lawyer's life to be lived, or the duties to be performed, with his sheepskin in his pocket, his shingle over the door, his board and rent to be paid, his wife and children and little ones to feed, his business or the meanest kind of bankruptcy, unfitting to pay his hotel bill and laundress. Here, the best, most honorable, most profitable lawyers, in morality contain *not to* come to him—the most accept and be thankful for such as the well-endowed will not touch. As he is starting over his blue-black prospects, in steps a client, oily, mellifluous customer, who wants legal aid to cheat his starts out of their pastessary, touch a brother's suit in favor of his betrothed wife, or heavy sense your devil editor whose indigo squeeze has mysteriously stained their unfathomable true principle, on a charge of grand larceny of petty larceny. Now, it is very well for Mr. Kimball—sitting at ease in his

Country Scenes.



"Hallo, sir! are you aware you're trespassing there?"

Wit and Humor.

THE MAID OF THE FOUNTAIN.

I saw her in the cool shade
The clearest crowns nearest,
Where the water-cress lay
Like a maid of the fountain.

Three words were how and quickly said,
Three words and no more,
That made me feel the queerest thrill
In every nerve and bone.

And years may pass—no change or time
Can e'er that dream estrange;
Although I get a newer love
Ever I'm making change.

DR. HORACE LACHE.—This is a question which has been very fully discussed by a learned Judge of Alabama. The Judge is a native of Alabama. The society have occasional meetings to talk over scientific subjects, and the *Flag* publishes a full report of one of these conversational sittings. We have not space to present the whole report entire, but we extract from it, somewhat, as showing the manner in which these discussions are conducted, the most important observation which is sometimes elicited:

—Prof. Quiddenly wished to call the attention of the society to a wonderful specimen of natural history, which it was perhaps somewhat surprising to find still remaining in the horse. To his first inquiries on this subject, he found the universal impression to be that it was a fly. He then drew the attention of the society to the question of its origin, especially, "Did you ever make a horse laugh?" The answer has almost invariably been in the negative. He was at a loss to reconcile popular ignorance with the obvious absence of this trait among horses.

—Prof. Scudder suggested that we are conversant only with horses in what is called the domesticated state; and that, considering the hardships they have undergone, by the entire faculty of laughing, though the majority do not. While in Mexico, he heard several mustangs laugh heartily.

—A BOSS FAT BOY.—A profligate young fellow, a son of a lawyer of some eminence in Keoke Island, on a certain muster imposition day, was drunk, and in the course of his carousal engaged to pay for it on the next imposition day. He drew a note, and presented it for execution and got it. The next imposition day came, and the young fellow was sober, and while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. A proof of this mixture was, that after the Prince became Regent, he was a leading S. tale Parliament, and said, at the same time that he was more addicted to wine and women in his political conduct by doing so; but S. tuel, however, as he told Lord Holland, 'he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by going to the court with any thing like the servility whatever, to dictate to him.' Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord H. of no intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to take Lord Grey's place, by purchase a borough. From his habit of considering money as nothing, he considered his saving the Prince £3,000 as no slavery whatever; I shall then (he said) only owe him £2,000, and I'll leave me at the end of the Sheridan was jealous of Mr. Fox, and showed it in ways that pondered, at last, great coolness between them. He carried him questions in a long manner for Westminster, and, in 1802, had merely spoken to him in the street on the morning your notice to settle." The advice was taken.

WARNING THEM WHAT THEY MIGHT EXPECT.—Everybody who has read the Pickwick Papers will call to mind the very humorous and funny story of Sam Weller consuming the juice of the Fleet, who having been appointed by the consul to spend his evenings without the walls, threatened once if he did not come in earlier to kick him out altogether. A similar "joke" is told of a most worthy old gentleman whom we will call the Major, court gossip, and member of the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia. The appointment was made by the President, and the Major not a little elated by his new dignity, invited some friends to witness his investiture, which he proposed to perform in the office of the inmates of the establishment.

They accordingly accompanied the Major to the Penitentiary, and the proper court of which these individuals of scoundrel habits were drawn up in a line. The Major stepped out, with a graceful flourish of his hand, commenced his address. "Gentlemen—here—No," said he, "gentlemen and gentlemen—Fellow-citizens—here—No, I'll swear you're not fellow-citizens. Gentlemen, I have been appointed by the President of these United States, Warden of this Penitentiary. Now I want it to be distinctly understood that it my design to have everything in order here just Tom went aborad, the servant in passing three down the plate warmer with a message which he supposed to be a message from Master, after sending most furiously the servant down stairs, called out from the top of the stairs, "Tom, you d—d fool (and S.), have you made all that I told you?" Answer, "Yes, sir." Then, sir, you go and tell Mr. Fox, after the marriage of the latter, settlements were drawn up, and the Duke made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was indeed very sorry, and immediately started, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?"

THE DAY AFTER THE REPEAL.—All was now hushed in the stillness of a long list of graves. Not one was to be seen in the streets, not even a creeping cat, or a dog, or a cock, or a hen, or a pig, or a goose, or a turkey, or a duck, or a drake, or a peacock, or a peahen, or a guinea-fowl, or a guinea-hen, or a pigeon, or a dove, or a sparrow, or a crow, or a rook, or a raven, or a magpie, or a jackdaw, or a jay, or a starling, or a thrush, or a blackbird, or a lark, or a nightingale, or a robin, or a redbreast, or a wren, or a tomtit, or a titmouse, or a martin, or a swallow, or a swift, or a bat, or a flea, or a louse, or a bug, or a tick, or a mosquito, or a gnat, or a midge, or a fly, or a beetle, or a wasp, or a hornet, or a bee, or a humble-bee, or a moth, or a butterfly, or a caterpillar, or a grub, or a worm, or a snail, or a slug, or a snake, or a viper, or a lizard, or a newt, or a frog, or a toad, or a tadpole, or a tortoise, or a turtle, or a crocodile, or an alligator, or a mouse, or a rat, or a hedgehog, or a mole, or a rabbit, or a hare, or a cat, or a dog, or a fox, or a wolf, or a bear, or a lion, or a tiger, or a leopard, or a panther, or a jaguar, or a hyena, or a camel, or a dromedary, or a horse, or a mule, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a bullock, or a heifer, or a calf, or a sheep, or a goat, or a deer, or a stag, or a buck, or a doe, or a fawn, or a monkey, or a baboon, or an ape, or a marmoset, or a sloth, or a lemur, or a man, or a woman, or a child, or a baby, or a human being of any description whatever.

A COUNTRY INCIDENT.

A young artist of Philadelphia, while on a sketching excursion through the State of Pennsylvania, took refuge in a rainstorm in a barn. In so, as illustrative of the horror in which our neighbors in the rural districts hold robbery, because of their rending the State in debt, increasing the taxes, &c.

The artist, having spended a pretty rising hill, and was busily engaged in taking a sketch, when he espied a man coming up the road in a shirt-sleeve, and bare-armed, with broomstraw visage, standing astride his sturdy, washing him very intently. He was at first at a loss thinking that this promised something rich, he pursued his labors, and when he had completed his sketch he put that way and hammer the old fellow, if he was disposed to question him. He was not wrong, for as soon as he came up, the man accosted him thus:

Farmer.—Can you dare up there on dat hill? Vot you doh your head down, den you hole him up, den you hole him down again. Vot de debbil you do dat for, eh?

Artist.—Oh! why I was examining the place to sell suitable for a summer residence.

Farmer.—Vell! Who pays you for dat?

Artist.—Nobody.

—The State—and the State in debt! Young man, I tells you vat, you'd better go learn some of the world, and not be so d—d green as to go gaping at de expense of de State. Dunder and blixen! Prime go home and shop wood. You see one of dese little fellers of mine will trow de gunny, and tears town our parns, and you will gaping!

CORNUCOPIANISM.—"Mrs. Polly," said Uncle Sly, as he sat down, as he bobbled of a large dish of hot pudding between his knees, "you have a *first-rate sweeper*,—why, my *lady* will sweep our house from top to bottom, and then begin to get together so big a pile of dirt as you have swept up in ten minutes!" Uncle Sly, with a complacent air and a half leer, never spoke rapidly than when, entering the house of an ancient maiden lady,—I said, (by and by,) "Mrs. Simpson, what a fat child you have!" "Fat, indeed!" exclaimed the old lady, in a towering passion, "I'll ask father to let you go another night!"

Accordingly, the request was duly made and granted, and on the night appointed, the father and son made a sudden descent on the old fellow's premises, and after a short but brilliant campaign they had completely stripped the orchard of its fruit. The play was over. Mr. Long-Y. Macready never acted more beautifully. The tremor and pathos of the character King were faithfully delineated; and the great storm scene, where Lear is supposed to be the fury of the tempest, with the lightning playing around his aged head, the frenzied gesture and impassioned utterance of the poor old man drew down the thunder from the front of the house, which drowned the sons of the minute tongues of the fire department, and the "play" was at an end. The performance was, on the whole, a most successful one, and we are glad to see the first rate of you that makes a *farm shall be divided out of the establishment.*"—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

ANECDOTE OF CUMBERLAND MUSICIAN.—The above named learned gentleman being reluctantly decided a person who had been treated with a dose of salts and cayenne. A similar "joke" is told of a most worthy old gentleman whom we will call the Major, court gossip, and member of the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia. The appointment was made by the President, and the Major not a little elated by his new dignity, invited some friends to witness his investiture, which he proposed to perform in the office of the inmates of the establishment.

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THE INFANTS' APPEAL.

Given to a very poor lady, from the Rose Asylum (Lying-in), for the infirmary member of the Union Society, long fully determined on our readers, and making public request that, for this, my dead for reform in the system of the Asylum, I recommend to our readers, and have it hereby complied with the whole, for the benefit of the Asylum. The following is brought into this existence without being consulted even in regard to our feelings, taste or wishes, do we not forth, because we have a right to it, by right, and believe that nature they shall be treated in a manner suitable to their helpless purpose, by those that have created them.

First.—We claim the right to nurse from the Rosebud, or Mother's Home provided for our sustenance, and which is conceded to be the only proper method of feeding infants, and is liable to the vigorous growth. The too estimate position of exciting all our supplies from this source in our present helpless condition, and our wants, we regard as unworthy a Christian society, in a Republican country.

Second.—We earnestly protest against the partiality exhibited by our mothers in turning up dogs, and making police reports against them, and taking them out riding on pleasant days, while we are left to cry ourselves to sleep. Bridget, and kept week after week confined to the house, without even an airing.

Third.—We claim the right to a place in the parental bed, and deem it a very poor excuse for locking us away in the cellar, that our mother comes home from parties and the opera late at night, which would be likely to disturb us if we were allowed to sleep with her.

Fourth.—We are opposed to medicine, unless found absolutely necessary, and then properly nursed by our mothers, and otherwise cared for, and we have no disposition to take it from the nurses, and object to the use of it as a relief against the practice of many nurses, who have evidently kept a bottle of Godfrey's Cordial, and force down our throats a dose in the evening so that we cannot disturb them in the night.

Fifth.—We appeal most feelingly against the practice of tying us into cold water every morning, and sometimes morning and night. It gives us rheumatism, and makes us dislike water, which can be avoided by substituting the tepid bath, or, as an alternative, by washing us in warm water.

Sixth.—While we are often deprived of our natural nourishment, we are never fed with unwholesome food by way of compensation. With the highest faith we have been brought up on gruel, which excites not only our stomach but our temper, and we get the credit of being very spunky."

"These, and many other abuses to which we are subjected, we trust will be seen to, and we, in health and strength, as nature intended we should; and, moreover, about half of us are to get sickly and die before we are old enough to take care of ourselves. Believing that of all rights, the rights of infants are first in importance, we appeal to universal sandwood for the same in behalf of ourselves, and for a better system of maternal government; and that we may be elevated to a proper position in society, and not be looked upon as nuisances or welcome burthens to be subsisted of."

CHECKUTA."

ITALY.—The pastor of the New York Tabernacle, Rev. Mr. Thompson, who is now travelling in Italy, writes as follows, in one of his letters to the *Independent*: "On the ground traveller, the common people of Italy wear more picturesque costumes than persons that is no visible *incongruence* among them. Indeed, I have not seen a drunken person since I left the United States. I have seen but two or two natives at Genoa, who I believe were Englishmen. As a general fact the people of continental Europe are very temperate and quietous hogpens, as there are drunk in the United States. Wine is the drink of the people in common use; not, however, for the sake of exhilaration or of exorbitality, but as a beverage, and a refreshing drink. It is a very welcome burthens to be subsisted of."

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Miscellaneous.

A JUVENILE CRITIC AND MAGREADY.

Among the many anecdotes of the great tragedian, Mr. Macready, which have been published, the following, which has the merit of being perfectly authentic, is among those worthy of recording:

In the same hotel where Macready resided during the first engagement in this city, was a gentleman who enjoyed the reputation of being intellectual and intimacy. Mr. S——— had with him a son, a boy of seven years of age, bright, intelligent boy, who became an especial favorite with Mr. Macready. The latter was frequently after delighting a large auditory with his sublime conceptions of Shakspeare or Milton, and it was not unusual for the boy to be in his house, take the little Theddy on his knee, and, with a simplicity of heart that was beautiful, Theddy, in one of these confidential moments, expressed a longing desire to go to the theatre and see his celebrity friend act.

"Very well," said the tragedian, "I'll ask your father to let you go another night."

Accordingly, the request was duly made and granted, and on the night appointed, the father and son made a sudden descent on the old fellow's premises, and after a short but brilliant campaign they had completely stripped the orchard of its fruit. The play was over. Mr. Long-Y. Macready never acted more beautifully. The tremor and pathos of the character King were faithfully delineated; and the great storm scene, where Lear